

A BARREN SHORE

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Look—those moving specks. They look like rats/

From the distance it did, indeed, look as if a number of rats were on march together towards the sea.

" Rats ? " said Frank enquiringly. " The rat is game, when he belongs to the ondatra genus. Do you remember the hundreds we killed, Fritz, when we made that trip after the boaconstrL^r ? "

" I should think I do, Frank," Fritz answered;

" and I remember, too, that we did not make much of a feast off their flesh, which reeked too much of the marsh."

" Right! " said the boatswain. " Properly cooked, one can eat those beggars. But there's no occasion to argue about it. Those black specks over there arn't rats."

" What do you think they are, Block ?" Fritz asked.

" Turtles."

" I hope you are right."

The boatswain's good eyesight might have been trusted. There actually was a crowd of turtles crawling over the sand.

So while Fritz and James remained on watch on the promontory, John Block and Frank slid down the other side of the rocks, in order to cut

off the Sand of chelones.

These tortoises were small,
measuring only
twelve or fifteen inches, and long in
the tail They